Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am litle like an ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother to entreate of her,
To meete you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lo: with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dors manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them rest; Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the installement of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous ile?

Cates.

Cates. He for his fathers sake s
That he will not be wonne to ou
Buck. What thinkest thou the
Cat. He will do all in all as H
Buck. Well then no more but
Go gentle Catesby, and as it we
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how
Vnto our purpose, if he be willi
Encourage him, and shew him a
If he be leaden, icie, cold vnwill
Be thou so too: and so breake o
And giue vs notice of his inclin
For we to morrow hold deuide
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly
Glo. Commend me to Lo: W
His auncient knot of dangerous
To morrow are let bloud at Po
And bid my friend for ioy of thi
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gen
Buc. Good Catesby effect t
Cat. My good Lo: both, wit
Glo. Shall we heare from yo
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crobsby place ther
Buc. Now my Lo: what sha
William Lo: Hastings will not
Glo. Chop off his head man
And looke when I am King, cl
The Earledome of Hereford,
Whereof the King my brothe
Buc. Ile claime that promi
Glo. And looke to haue it y
Come let vs suppe betimes, th
We may digest our complots i
Enter a messenger to
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the d
Mes. A messenger from th

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